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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 161

EDITORIALS:

COURT REFORM: A RECESS 163

WILL CHIANG FIGHT? 164

THE GUILD VOTES 165

VIGILANTISM, 1937 by Benjamin Stolberg 166

SPANISH VILLAGE by Josephine Herbst 169

BEHIND THE SCENES AT SCOTTSBORO by Morris Shapiro 170

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 172

BROUN'S PAGE 173

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

"PART OF A POEM, PART OF A PLAY" by Philip Blair Rice 174

SOJOURN IN SODOM by Philip Rahv 174

PROLOGUE TO REVOLUTION by Avrahm Yarmolinsky 175

RELIGION IN WOOD by Mark Van Doren 175

WANTED: A SUPREME COURT PRIMER by Max Lerner 176

FOUR IN MIDSUMMER by Paul Love 177

SHORTER NOTICES 177

RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 178

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The Shape of Things

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CONGRESS AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR PASSES bills pretty much the way one slaps things into a bag five minutes before train time. Viewing the resultant melange, we can only say that our legislators have served their constituents miserably. The axing of court reform was, after Mr. Roosevelt's surrender and Mr. Garner's betrayal, to be expected. So also the failure to deal with neutrality revision and the national resources message. The unashamed determination, in the face of a threatened veto, to push a sugar-quota bill, which would hurt America's island possessions in order to benefit the large Western sugar growers, is part of the ancient pattern of pressure politics. About the failure to take action on the executive reorganization bill we have few regrets: it needs time and debate. The wages-and-hours bill, as we said last week, is despite its inadequacy at least a start. But the most tragic failures have been the inaction on the farm program and the tragi-farce of the housing bill. The first must be set down to the vendetta of "Cotton Ed" Smith and the conservative Democrats against Secretary Wallace and to their fear that adequate legislation would help build him a political machine for 1940. Embittered by the failure of farm legislation, some of the farm Senators deepened their hatred for the large Eastern cities and spiked the Wagner slum-clearance bill. The President has, however, a very effective hold on the Southern Senators who have betrayed both the farm and the housing legislation. It is for him to determine whether the cotton-crop loans shall be renewed. And he would be a poor leader indeed if he did not first get an assurance that there will be adequate legislation both to raise farm living standards and to attack the city slums.

*

THE MID-SUMMER LULL IN THE SPANISH WAR has been made the occasion for a renewal of sensational reports of disaffection within both camps. Although several of these reports, such as the rumor of fighting on the streets of Barcelona and the death of Andres Nin, leader of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M., appear to be unfounded, the existence of disaffection on both sides is indisputable. In the rebel camp, feeling against the Italians and Germans has aroused serious opposition among elements that were previously inclined to favor General Franco. In government territory, friction with the Anarchists and P.O.U.M. does not appear to have vanished completely despite the recent rejuvenation of

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the Catalan armies on the Huesca and Teruel fronts. Particularly disconcerting is the report, thus far unconfirmed, that ex-Premier Largo Caballero, leader of the left-wing Socialists, had issued a statement criticizing the military and political policies of the Negrin government. Responsible observers have insisted from the beginning that the Spanish government could have suppressed the fascist revolt within a few weeks if it had been given the undivided support of all the various anti-fascist parties. While it is true that more progress in obtaining unity has been made in the past three months than in the previous nine, the task is yet far from completed.

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THE SLUM POPULATION OF OUR CITIES WILL be benefited slightly, if at all, by the passage of the Wagner-Steagall Housing bill as amended in the Senate. Out of a number of weakening amendments, three stand out as particularly unfortunate. The Byrd amendment providing that no structure shall be built which costs more than $1,000 a room or $4,000 a family unit will virtually prevent construction in New York and other cities of the East where land and construction costs are exceptionally high and rising rapidly. Of a similar tenor is the provision that no one state should obtain more than 20 per cent of the $700,000,000 to be set aside for loans and subsidies. It may be assumed that this amendment will lead to great pressure from the less populous states for their "share" of the housing appropriation. Finally, the Logan amendment placing the Housing Authority under the Department of the Interior would seem to assure, in view of the department's record in recent years, that no houses will be built for many months to come. At best, the $700,000,000, with an additional 5 per cent contributed by the local housing authorities, will provide homes for no more than 200,000 of the 15,000,000 American families who are now living in insanitary, sub-standard houses. Is this to be the end of the long and arduous trail of housing reform?

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MASSACHUSETTS POLICE SINCE THE FIRST OF the month have swept down in successive raids on Birth Control League clinics at Salem, Brookline, and Boston. Some contraceptives and a considerable quantity of literature were seized, and four women were placed under charges of violating the state law. League officials contend that the statute was never intended to bar doctors from giving contraceptive advice to patients for legitimate medical purposes. "We consider," says Mrs. Hawkridge, president of the Massachusetts League and one of those under arrest, "that a doctor has the right to do what he can to preserve the life of his patients." There are countless numbers who agree, and it will be hard for the Massachusetts officials to hold otherwise. The point at issue obviously lies in the degree of latitude to be allowed to responsible medical authorities in charge of the clinics. Those who face charges are doing the women of Massachusetts a genuine service by forcing a clarification of the law.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA IS REGARDED AS A friend of labor. He is also a doughty champion of religious freedom and a sworn enemy of Adolf Hitler. All of which is the stuff of which strong mayoralty candidates are made in New York. The Democrats know this, but they are of two minds as to how the menace is to be met. There are those who would fight fire with water—and they could hardly have found a more watery candidate than Dr. Copeland—and those who think that a synthetic flame of their own is needed to turn the trick. These last put their hopes now in Jeremiah T. Mahoney. Certainly Mr. Mahoney is a foe of der Führer, and on grounds that do him honor, but at that point his similarity to the Mayor does a quick fadeout. Mr. Mahoney is still Tammany leader of the 15th Assembly District, and he has "the highest regard and affection for Christy Sullivan," whom he himself indorsed to succeed Dooling in the Tammany leadership. While supporting the New Deal against Copeland in the primaries, he is just cautious enough to put himself down as a "hearty" rather than a "wholehearted" supporter, with a possible eye to future strategy of a different sort. And finally, he is now permitting his backers to form a spurious "Union Labor Party" to use as a counterweight against La Guardia's support from the State Labor Party. The hedging that Mr. Mahoney finds necessary and his continued allegiance to Sachem Sullivan make it seem quite possible that even now the hook is being extended for the Doctor, and that in November it will be Jeremiah himself who will wear Tammany's colors in the joust with the Little Flower.

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WE HAVE JUST READ A DOCUMENT. IT IS forty-one pages long and has eight illustrations. If it is not one of the most important documents ever to come from a Congressional committee we surrender all claims to perspective. It is the report of Senators La Follette and Thomas on the Chicago Memorial Day massacre. Unimpassioned in tone, thoroughly factual and judicial in treatment, it is nevertheless merciless in the way it marches to the ineluctable conclusion that the killings by the Chicago police were unprovoked and criminal. The men who rule our economic destinies do not like such reports. The committee which made it is in grave danger of being denied further funds with which to carry on its work in the protection of civil liberties. If this were to happen it would be the greatest blot thus far on the record of the Administration. Here is one case where liberals of all persuasions can be united and make their unity felt by addressing themselves to their Senators.

✶

THE EFFORTS OF HITLER TO COORDINATE the Protestant church into the Nazi propaganda machine met two amazing setbacks during the past week. Dr. Friedrich Dibelius, a leader in the Confessional church, was acquitted on August 6 of misrepresenting Herr Kerrl, the Church Minister, when he charged the latter with saying that it was absurd and trivial to hold that

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Jesus is the son of God. As the trial was elaborately staged in an effort to show that the Nazi state was not interfering with matters of faith, its failure may be expected to make a correspondingly profound impression. Even more significant is the postponement of the trial of the Reverend Martin Niemöller following an unprecedented mass demonstration in his behalf. The growing Protestant revolt has put the government in an awkward position. It cannot expect to persuade the people that the reactionary German church is Socialist, Communist, or pacifist. It dare not attack Christianity as such; neither does it dare permit an effective opposition to grow up under the church aegis. But least of all can it afford, as in the delay of the Niemöller trial, to admit its uncertainty as to the most effective method of procedure.

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WELL, THE YACHT RACES ARE OVER AND WE don't care. A jowly Englishman who made his money building British warplanes throws away a couple of his millions to capture a cup from a smooth-faced American who inherited a railroad fortune. Granted the frivolity of the rich and the unutterable dullness of a contest in which few of the onlookers know what's going on, our chief kick is still that a yacht victory, no matter how overwhelming, never proves anything. Even with the Ranger winning all four starts, the rocking-chair admirals are not certain whether to assign the victory to Vanderbilt's skill, the superior construction of his boat, or the unfamiliarity of the challenger with the waters, winds, and tides. We are always asked to make our editorials constructive, so here goes. Why not let the two sides swap boats in alternate races? Tennis players change courts; in fact, Budge and Austin in their Davis Cup match even swapped rackets. It would sharpen the victory, promote sportsmanship, and put a crimp in the sports writers.

Court Reform: A Recess

THE end of the court-reform bill was as inglorious as anything in its history. It was a sickening spectacle to see the Senate, which had fought the original bill and the Logan bill to the death in the name of freedom from steam-roller tactics, allowing Vice-President Garner to steam-roller the final mutilated bill without uttering a word of protest. And it was a ludicrous spectacle to see the same Senate which had equated the number nine with the moral foundations of the republic debating gravely whether the court as it stands consists of nine members or, as Senators Borah and Logan both assert, ten.

Well, anyway, you will say, the pother about court reform is over, and while we didn't get the moon we are getting some real procedural reform. Let us see just what we are getting. Nothing about the Supreme Court is touched in the final McCarran bill: the only provision affecting the court is to be found in the Sumners-McCarran bill, passed in February, making it possible for judges to retire on full pay after reaching the age of seventy, and raising the question that is currently raging whether Judge Van Devanter's retirement under this act removes him from the court or merely from active service on it. For the rest, there is a four-point reform program for the lower federal courts: the federal government is allowed to intervene in any case in the lower courts that involves the question of constitutionality; provision is made that these cases shall be given the right of way on appeal to the Supreme Court; district judges may be reassigned whenever the dockets show signs of congestion; and, where injunctive relief is asked, only a court of three judges, one of them a Circuit judge, may pass on it.

There is real merit in these provisions. They should have been embodied in a bill long ago, but it seems to be a rule of American politics that only when a crying need causes a stir over big things do the minor things get accomplished. Meanwhile the question of Supreme Court reform itself is left exactly where it was.

Mr. Roosevelt is one of those who have not forgotten it. He was probably guilty of unpardonable manners at his press conference last week when he called the attention of the farm Senators who had voted against court reform to the AAA decision of the Supreme Court. For Congress, having forgotten and forgiven all the trespasses of the court on the legislative function, prefers not to be reminded. That was one reason why Jack Garner wielded his gavel so effectively that he passed the McCarran bill all by himself. He knew perfectly well that there was a liberal Administration bloc waiting to attach to the bill an amendment requiring a two-thirds vote of the court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. Whatever the chances of the amendment, debate was dangerous. Jack Garner was not going to take a chance at having the sins of the court paraded in Congress again. Hence his strong-arm tactics.

Instead of talking of Supreme Court reform, Congress has been talking about the next Supreme Court judge. Senators rose and debated the latest piece of Roosevelt tyranny in daring to suggest that he might make a recess appointment. The President finally backed down. Now there are three things equally clear in this whole business. One is that the President has a perfect constitutional right to make a recess appointment if he so chooses. The second is that tactically it was a mistake to so choose, or even to talk about it. The third is that Elephant Boy Vandenberg and his cohorts cared not a whit about constitutional right in attacking the President on this score, but were only making shrewd political capital. At the time these lines are being written, the President is supposed to be looking over the records of possible appointees. He owes it as his duty to the people to select a man whose liberalism is unquestioned and has been tested in action.

For the President is now in the position of a leader who, having made one serious error and finally written it off the books, must move on to the attack in other

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ways. He was slow in taking up the cause of court reform: he must not easily lay it down again. More important than the question of minor procedural reforms in the lower courts or the question of who the next judge will be is the question of whether anything will be done to curb the judicial power itself. During the heat of the controversy over the President's proposal, many of its opponents came out bravely for limiting the power of the court by a Constitutional amendment. Now is the time to take them at their word. The President must go to the country, using press and radio; he must put himself at the head of a real movement for a Constitutional amendment. For Congress has a rendezvous with the people in 1938 and again in 1940. If those who came out for a Constitutional amendment do not go along with the President, the people will know what to do with them.

The cause of court reform is not ended. It is only recessed.

Will Chiang Fight?

As the days pass without a major battle in North China between the Japanese and the crack troops of Chiang Kai-shek, suspicion has gained ground that Chiang may repeat his evasive tactics of 1931 and 1932. It will be recalled that when the Japanese entered Manchuria, Chiang gave an inspired speech before the Central Committee of the Kuomintang, in which he declared that he would give his life rather than permit the Japanese to seize a foot of Manchurian territory. Yet not once in Manchuria, Shanghai, Jehol, or North China did Chiang's personal troops clash with the Japanese. Nor did he himself ever direct operations against them.

It must be recognized, however, that the situation which Chiang faces is markedly different from that which existed in 1931. At that time anti-Japanese sentiment was confined almost exclusively to students and intellectuals. There were anti-Japanese boycotts, but they died without a struggle the moment student leadership was withdrawn. Today the demand for resistance to Japanese invasion is all but universal. The action of the peasants in North China in digging road traps for the Japanese is unprecedented in Chinese warfare. Yet in the face of this almost universal demand for war, there are groups within the Nanking government who are known to be quietly working for complete surrender to Japan, men who would sell their national birthright for the riches and power which a Japanese victory would give them.

Leading this pro-Japanese group are two brothers—Chen Kuo-fu, Governor of Kiangsu province, and Chen Li-fu, secretary of the Kuomintang. These men are believed to be the leaders of the semi-secret, fascist clique among the army officers which has been responsible for the terrorist activities against left-wing elements in recent months. In the month of May alone more than 100 intellectuals and members of the National Salvation Association disappeared, victims of this terrorist band. In many instances possession of the association's paper was the only evidence against these men. Supporting the fascist Blue Shirt elements are several score Italian and German advisers who have recently been brought to Nanking. Although Chiang Kai-shek himself has never given way completely to the terrorist elements, his failure to rid himself of his Nazi advisers during the present crisis has left him open to suspicion.

While China has as yet no popular front against this double-barreled fascist threat, the recent agreement concluded between Nanking and the Chinese Communists stressed two points: (1) preparation for resistance against Japan, and (2) greater democracy in governmental affairs. Admittedly, more progress has been made in the anti-Japanese campaign than in the struggle for democracy, but even on the latter point Nanking is known to have made concessions. A National Kuomintang Congress was to have been called in the fall or winter in which Communists and other left elements were to have been allowed to participate. The whole party mechanism was to have been overhauled to get a more popular representation.

The bitter factional struggle at Nanking has been reflected in foreign policy. The Chen clique has more or less openly favored affiliation with Japan and Germany and the international fascist front. While nominally anti-Japanese in public, they have quietly advised Chiang to make his battlefront at the Yellow River—which implies the cession of the five northern provinces. The moderates, on the other hand, have looked to the western democracies for support against Japanese-inspired fascism. The recently concluded silver agreement and the $1,500,000 loan for the purchase of locomotives, which were arranged by Dr. H. H. Kung in his recent visit to this country, were steps in this direction. Even more significant is the $100,000,000 loan which Dr. Kung is reported to have obtained in London. It is safe to say that none of these arrangements could have been concluded had the United States and Britain not been assured that China would spurn the fascist powers. A hundred million dollars is cheap insurance against fascist control of China.

With the attention of the world riveted on Spain, China's importance in the world struggle between dictatorship and democracy has not been generally recognized in this country. A victory for the fascist forces at Nanking would open the whole of China to Japanese exploitation. More significant from the fascist point of view, it would give Japan a base of operations from which to attack central Siberia and thus cut off the Soviet Far East. Economically, it would mean the end of the Open Door in China, and would give Japan virtual control over China's rich natural resources as well as an almost inexhaustible market for its products.

At the focal point in this world struggle stands Chiang Kai-shek. Although Chiang has never distinguished himself as a democrat, he has shown firmness in resisting fascist pressure since his release from captivity six months ago. Above all, he is a Chinese, and as such must burn with anger at the Japanese outrages. World history during the next decade may be influenced very largely through the direction in which he is driven by the forces now struggling for mastery in China.

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The Guild Votes

THE American Newspaper Guild has been having a family row—while the publishers rejoice, William Green gloats for publication, and Walter Lippmann, representing those pontifical members of the union who have long since taken on the protective coloration of publishers, moves to the attack in a letter to the Guild which he promptly releases to the press. Needless to say, the Guild in its current troubles has become "news" as it never was before; and it is in an atmosphere of tension that it must undertake a crucial referendum. The main questions to be voted upon by the whole membership are these:

> Affiliation with the C.I.O. Extension of the Guild's jurisdiction to include business-office employees. Indorsement of the idea of independent political action. Opposition to fascism in Spain. Support of the demand for increased WPA appropriations. Indorsement of the President's Supreme Court plan.

All of them were answered in the affirmative at the St. Louis convention of the Guild in June, but a sizable minority opposed certain of the proposals as well as the manner in which they were presented. This same minority favored a vote of the membership on the disputed issues. The referendum was voted down—and thereupon became inevitable, since the demand of any local for a referendum need only be seconded by five others. As a matter of fact, the demand of the Columbus, Ohio, local called forth sixteen seconds; and the whole episode suggests that the procedure of handling a motion for a referendum needs to be overhauled.

To our way of thinking, the referendum is extremely desirable and, assuming conscientious and unionwide participation, can have only a salutary effect on both the membership and the officials of the union. Nothing is to be gained by pretending that the St. Louis convention did not make mistakes. By far the most serious was the adoption of a position from which, under member pressure, the executive board has been forced to recede in full view of the A.N.P.A. But the referendum itself should be the signal for a demonstration of Guild solidarity which will not only rectify the mistakes of the convention but also set the pace for a much broader and more active participation by the membership in Guild affairs.

Nor is the solidarity we have in mind the sort which demands that the actions of the St. Louis convention be upheld at any cost on the ground that the Guild is under fire and that repudiation of any of its actions would split the ranks and give comfort to the enemy. That is a steam-roller argument which has become all too prevalent in social-political and trade-union affairs.

As for the questions themselves: The affirmative vote on affiliation with the C.I.O. should be overwhelming. The A.F. of L., especially in the past two years, has consistently sabotaged union organization and has, in instance after instance, thrown its weight to the side of employers. At the moment it is busy trying to set up a rival newspaper union, fortunately with no success. A strong affirmative vote on this issue would effectively down the talk of a split and make it clear that division of opinion on other questions is evidence of full and free discussion, not of disruption.

On the question of extending jurisdiction to include business-office employees there is room for an honest difference of opinion. The Guild has made great progress, but it is a young union and it still has far to go in the matter of organization and union agreements. One can be wholeheartedly in favor of industrial unionism and yet question the wisdom of the Guild in assuming jurisdiction at this time over another large group of workers of disparate status and aims. On the other hand, the plan drawn up by the executive board which allows for the organization and functioning as separate units of the editorial, advertising, circulation, and other departments makes this expansion of jurisdiction less sweeping than the original decision seemed to contemplate.

On the question of opposition to fascism in Spain there can, of course, be only one answer. Fascism first of all destroys trade unions; and even those Guild members who voted for Landon cannot maintain a neutral stand on fascism in Spain. Support of the demand for an increased WPA appropriation is less clearly indicated, though it can be justified on the principle that trade unions must do everything possible to raise the status of all wage-earners, if only to prevent labor's bargaining power from being undermined.

It is the indorsement of an independent political party and of the President's Supreme Court plan that raises sharply the whole question of the Guild's objectives and policy. Its first objective presumably is to build a strong progressive labor union which will encompass most of the country's newspapermen and command contracts from American publishers, who have a good thing in their slogan of freedom of the press. In general it is the business of trade unions to take sides on political issues, but the Guild occupies a unique and delicate position, both in relation to its members and to the employers it must deal with. Many newspapermen are conservative in their politics; but that does not mean that they cannot be good union men or that they cannot be educated to a more progressive view; after all, it is not so long since many of them got over the hurdle of admitting that they were workers at all. As for the publishers, their bad motives do not vitiate the logic of their argument that a reporter whose trade union is committed to a political party might be biased in his handling of political news.

In general the Newspaper Guild will best serve its members and the cause of freedom of the press by pursuing a progressive trade-union policy and by refraining from political partisanship. That way lies steady and constructive growth. If in the coming years a labor party is actually formed and trade unions are called upon to indorse or join it, the issue of the attitude of the Newspaper Guild will once more have to be faced. For the present the labor party is only in its incipient stages, and the Guild still immature. It has better things to do now than make political commitments.

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Vigilantism, 1937

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE NATURE OF VIGILANTISM

THE average innocently educated American has a certain picture of American vigilantism which, like so many of his stereotyped vagaries, he gets from our so-called liberal historians, who know a lot they do not dare to understand.

In this view, vigilantism is a *peculiar* American phenomenon. It began, the story goes, in California in 1851, when outlawry was in wild and bloody flower and when every adventurer could buy a woman for the asking plus a sack of gold. Naturally, the better elements of the community wouldn't stand for it, and so they started a vigilante movement for law and order. (That, as you can see, was the only thing to do.) During the same 1850's there also flourished the know-nothing movement, composed of native white trash, which swept into office a lot of politicians of the Townsend and Coughlin type. (That, of course, was a bad thing.) Then came the post-Civil War KKK, because such narrow bigots as Thaddeus Stevens and his fellow Northern radicals did not know that the war was over and that the "best elements" of the South would not be run by a lot of carpet-baggers, scalawags, and too suddenly emancipated Negroes. (That was a bad thing, but quite understandable.) Then came the Mollie Maguires—Irish, Catholic, and labor—who went around killing mine superintendents. (That was a bad thing; it hurt labor.) After a number of more innocent know-nothing movements, we finally get into our own century, which is punctured by all sorts of violence, frame-ups, labor wars, and judicial assassinations. (This is all terrible; it hurts democracy.) And since the World War things have got worse. The last decade, especially, we have had a veritable plague of new moronic, inverted-populist movements—infantile, illiterate, confused, and vicious. In the late 1920's there was a revival of the Klan with its mummeries and wizardries. Today there are innumerable shirt organizations, night-gown rackets, the Black Legion, the Friends of New Germany, the Americaneers, the Committees of 100, of 200, of 1,000,000, the Women's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race; literally hundreds of such outfits. These in turn reach over into the darker corners of the D.A.R., the R.O.T.C., the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the chambers of commerce, the Lions, the Elks, the Eagles, and the rest of the zoo of small-time Babbittry. (It's all very dreadful, and Lord knows where it's leading to.)

Such is the hazy historic view of vigilantism that floats in the mind of the average middle-class liberal American. It leads him to one of two conclusions, depending on whether he is a right liberal or a left liberal, whether his respectable perplexity is passive or active. If he is a right liberal, he usually decides that, since we have always had the vigilantes with us, they cannot be very dangerous. If he is a left liberal, he is likely to join some happy, innocent front like the American League Against War and Fascism, which without any class analysis lumps into a "united front of all democratic forces" everybody from prima-donna left-wing movie stars and drawing-room communists to steel workers and Georgia share-croppers.

Now what's wrong with this liberal conception of American vigilantism? It is not so much the facts. For all their nebulous outline, they are substantially correct. What's wrong with the picture is its complete classlessness, its slightly pompous sociological naivete, which is far more peculiar to the more or less educated American mind than is vigilantism to its more or less illiterate counterpart. For obviously vigilantism is the most brutally clear of all class phenomena, the most desperate and regressive, and hence, in its last analysis, the deepest expression of class domination; which means that it is no more peculiarly American than is sex or sport, though like them it parades in every country in its own national costume. Vigilantism is as old as anti-Semitism and as new as the persecution of revolutionaries by the G.P.U. under Comrade Yezhov. It may be as brutally ignorant as the Black Hundreds under the Czar or the Black Legion in Flint or the Black or Brown Shirts. Or it may be as hoary with sophistication as British imperialism, which is the greatest vigilante movement of them all. (It is well to remember that under the "labor" ministry of Ramsay MacDonald Indian villages were "pacified" by bombing planes.)

Vigilantism is the spirit of permanent counter-revolution, infinitely variegated by place, power, time, and circumstances. In days of peaceful social exploitation it is dormant. In days of growing social unrest it becomes more articulate and sinister. It may become articulate in the esoteric hokum and pretentious "scholarship" of a Pareto or a Sorokin, or in the rabble-economics of a Father Coughlin. But it is always nonsensical, because it would preserve class spoliation by violence without deepening social contradictions. Hence its logic is absurd and its sociology impossible.

The characteristic *rationale* of vigilantism is always the defense of class exploitation in the name of law and order. The appeal is never rational, but always directed to the deepest anti-intellectual and regressive instincts: to chauvinism, to race hatred, to the spirit of violence. And finally the technique is always the same. Since no movement can beat the masses without a mass base, such a base must be created. It is recruited from the most backward layer in the social pyramid. In modern society this is the lower middle class, which is bewildered by the split between its real and its fancied interests.

To what degree is vigilantism dangerous? Exactly to

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the degree in which the dominant classes of a society encourage, exploit, and, what is most important, subsidize it. The best thermometer of the menace of vigilantism is money. Thus the post-Civil War Klan was a dangerous force, which is still alive in the lynch law of the South, because it was guided and subsidized, behind the scenes, by the "best elements," the degraded Southern plantocracy, which had made a deal with the Northern conservatives against the Northern radicals. The Klan in the 1920's was not so dangerous, because big industry decided that it did not need it in defeating a prone labor movement. Today the Klan is once more riding in the South because of the textile drive by the C.I.O. and the stirrings of the sharecropper.

SMALL FRY

Just as Mussolini's access to power inspired Hitler and his many lesser imitators, so Hitler's rise encouraged vigilantism from Rumania to California. The fascist language and technique have been consciously copied by innumerable vigilante adventurers in America. But unless we include in this category the late Huey Long, all of them lacked the perverse afflatus of their European counterparts. Today the country swarms with these miscellaneous hick Führers who walk the streets of big business offering their wares. Often they run little scurrilous sheets, all-moron and half-blackmail.

Some of our vigilantes are free-lance writers, avowedly and philosophically fascist, as the group around the new *American Mercury,* most of them former radicals. Another reactionary free-lance writer is George Sokolsky, who sells his thinly disguised reaction in the name of American individualism. He extolled it on Independence Day to the workers of Weirton, who are terrorized by the notorious Hatchet Gang. Mr. Sokolsky is a rather tragicomic figure, for with his Eastern European Jewish background he ought to know better than to incite the vigilante spirit. Big business enterprises distribute numerous reprints of his articles. On one occasion one of his "debates" was paid for by a large industrial outfit which contributed to a forum the exact amount of his fee. But by and large, the big boys keep the various Sokolskys on space rates.

The vigilante entrepreneurs are forever on the lookout for angels to subsidize them until comes *der Tag.* Thus the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who crowds his Committee of 1,000,000 into the ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel, is kept going by a New York broker named Henry Marsh. Now and then a frightened dowager gives him a check for the good work. In *The Nation* of March 11, 1936, I told how Governor Talmadge of Georgia received from the Georgia textile manufacturers $20,000 for "campaign purposes" in a sure election—and for breaking the textile strike; and how the Liberty League gave him $5,000 for his grass-roots convention. During the Little Steel strike the worst of the vigilante outfits—in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and especially in Ohio and in Michigan—did not hesitate to engage in plain thuggery and to provoke murder. Big industry used them where it found them and paid merely for their services.

The types and their activities vary. In Toledo there are the Young Nationalists, who talk "Americanism" over the radio every Sunday. In Akron there were the Stahlmate Clubs at Goodyear's, now pretty well shot to pieces. In Warren, Ohio, there is an active John Q. Public League. In Columbus, Ohio, the State University has become a regular center of young fascist activities. There are the Student Americaneers, run by Captain Arden S. Turner of the R.O.T.C. The Reverend Frank Throop of the Committee of 200 is also active among the students. Then there is the Ohio League for Constitutional Rights.

In Indiana and in Michigan the Klan is still going pretty strong. The automobile centers reek with vigilantism. In Dearborn, where Ford is, the Friends of New Germany and the Veterans of Foreign Wars hold joint meetings. Father Coughlin has a rather insignificant Workers' Council for Social Justice at Ford's. Father Coughlin is lying low because the Catholic Church is lying low. "My day will come in 1938," he says. But he still receives 1,000 letters daily and is selling widely an anti-C.I.O. editorial service. At Ford's there are also the Knights of Dearborn, made up of Ford Service Men under the command of Sam Taylor, a foreman at River Rouge. In Lansing the American Legion and the R.O.T.C. of Michigan State College are very active, neither of them officially. The worst vigilante in town is the Reverend Frank J. Norris, who once killed a sheriff in Texas. He now runs a paper and speaks in a church on General Motors property. He is also closely associated with K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler. The Flint Alliance, under George E. Boysen, is trying to get along now as the American Labor League; and Walter Chrysler is watching it interestedly. Such is the flotsam and jetsam of the local vigilante movements.

Then there is a multitude of service organizations, of which probably the best known and most characteristic is the National Civic Federation. It is now circularizing the American business community with "confidential" literature and cries of communism and more money, please. While Matthew Woll was acting president of the Civic Federation, it collaborated closely with all the official Nazi agents and organizations in this country. It probably still does. But of late Mr. Easley has taken a leaf from the Mohawk Valley Formula (about which more later) and is presenting a "set-up" for a new red-baiting campaign.

"To expedite the creation of a national organization," Mr. Easley wrote on July 2, 1937, in his "confidential" circular, "the existing membership of local organizations such as the chamber of commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary and Lion clubs, American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, church, civic, and patriotic chapters" will be called upon to personally visit individuals. . . . The individuals to be visited in a community or city are those affiliated with the C.I.O., on Federal unemployment relief, and WPA workers." "It is safe to assume," Mr. Easley continues, "that the local editor will comply with the requests of local davertisers whom he depends upon for the existence of his paper." Of course, "appropriate literature will be supplied." Then Mr. Easley draws up a blueprint of a pro-

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posed "sales organization." "The advantage the sales organization created by the National Civic Federation will have over the sales organization conducted by John L. Lewis, *et al.*, is that the National Civic Federation organization will consist of respectable citizens. . . ." Mr. Easley's final sentence is a plea for quick money—damned quick; for the revolution is almost on top of us.

BIG BUSINESS VIGILANTISM

There are literally hundreds of local, statewide, national vigilante rackets, all of them in search of fat cats. But the fat cats, no less than the little Hitlers, have also learned their lesson from the other side. Fascism is the effort to freeze a disintegrating economy through terror. But European experience has shown that the individual capitalist is apt to become the prisoner of the terror. The fact that Herr Thyssen is at present on an enforced and luxurious vacation in South America has made quite an impression on that section of big ownership which is willing to play the fascist game. It is therefore at this moment playing the far safer game of *organizing its own vigilante movement* which can be kept under control. The literature of this more respectable vigilantism is not written by crackpots or illiterates, but by high-powered publicity men in air-conditioned advertising suites.

A social movement is never a conspiracy. It lives and learns and crystallizes. When the C.I.O. showed every sign of becoming a real mass movement, during the great automobile strikes and in the beginning of the steel-organization campaign, big industry gradually moved to meet it. As I made clear in my last article, the financial interests which are behind both Big and Little Steel are by no means split. They merely function on two fronts—peace with the union in one sector, war on the union in the other. Nor did Little Steel go into the fight strategically unprepared. It had thought its tactics through. In the Little Steel strike, as indeed in every recent major strike, industry followed the so-called Mohawk Valley Formula.

This formula appeared in the form of an article in the Labor Relations Bulletin of the National Association of Manufacturers soon after the Remington Rand strike at Ilion, New York. It indicated in detail the steps to be taken in a campaign of national strikebreaking. It was supposedly written by James B. Rand, Jr., though there is every reason to believe that a well-known economist who heads a national research organization had much to do with this truly Machiavellian document. It is no doubt the most significant program in the history of American vigilantism. And here it is epitomized but with its essential outline unchanged:

First: When a strike is threatened label all union leaders as "agitators." In the plant conduct a forced balloting under the direction of foremen to ascertain the strength of the union and to make possible misrepresentation of the strikers as a small minority imposing their will upon the majority. At the same time disseminate propaganda, by means of press releases, advertisements, and the activities of "missionaries," such propaganda falsely stating the issues involved in the strike so that the strikers appear to be making arbitrary demands, and the real issues, such as the employers' refusal to bargain collectively, are obscured.

Second: Concurrently with these moves, by exerting economic pressure and threatening to move the plants, if that is feasible, align the influential members of the community into a cohesive group opposed to the strike. In this group, usually designated as a "citizens' committee," include representatives of the bankers, real-estate owners, business men, ministers, etc.

Third: When the strike is called raise high the banner of law and order, thereby causing the community to mass legal and police weapons against their wholly imagined violence, thereby suppressing all the civil liberties of the strikers.

Fourth: Call a "mass meeting" of the citizens to coordinate public sentiment against the strike and to strengthen the power of the citizens' committee, which organization, thus supported, will both aid the employer in exerting pressure upon the local authorities and itself sponsor vigilante activities.

Fifth: Bring about the formation of a large armed police force to be built up by utilizing local police, state police if the governor cooperates, vigilantes, and special deputies, the deputies being chosen if possible from other neighborhoods. Coach the deputies and vigilantes on the law of unlawful assembly, inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, etc., and make them anxious and ready to use their newly acquired authority to the limit.

Sixth: Perhaps most important, heighten the demoralizing effect of the above measures by a "back-to-work" movement, operated by a puppet association of so-called loyal employees secretly organized by the employer. (In a superb psychological analysis Mr. Rand discusses the effect of this back-to-work movement upon the strikers, the community, and the authorities, showing that it is the best way to kill all collective-bargaining sentiments.)

Seventh: When a sufficient number of applications to go "back to work" are on hand, fix a date for the opening of the plant, which opening is of course requested by the "back-to-work" association. Together with the citizens' committee, prepare for such opening by making provisions for a peak army of police by roping off the area surrounding the plant, by securing arms and ammunition, etc. . . . Even if the maneuver fails to induce a sufficient number of persons to return, persuade the public through pictures and news releases that the opening was nevertheless successful.

Eighth: Stage the "opening" as theatrically as possible.

Ninth: Capitalize on the demoralization of the strikers by continuing the show of police force and the pressure of the citizens' committee, both to insure that those employees who have returned will continue at work and to force the remaining strikers to capitulate. If necessary, turn the locality into a warlike camp through the declaration of a state of emergency tantamount to martial law and barricade it from the outside world so that nothing may interfere with the successful conclusion of the "Formula," thereby driving home to the union leaders the futility of efforts to hold their ranks intact.

Tenth: Close the publicity barrage on the theme that the plant is in full operation and that the strikers were merely a minority attempting to interfere with the "right to work" . . . the campaign is over—the strike is broken.

These ten scab commandments were followed religiously in the Little Steel strike. That's how the strike was broken. Just how the Mohawk Valley Formula was applied, just where the money came from, just who's who in the whole business—and the fantastic tales of the underworld at River Rouge—will be the theme of the next section of this article.

[*Mr. Stolberg's third article will appear next week.*]

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Spanish Village

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

THE road from Madrid to Valencia cuts across the Jarama, Tajuna, and Tagus river basins within a radius of seventy miles of Madrid. In this fertile area grapes and olives extend in rows, fields of wheat and corn make neat patchwork of riverbanks and low foothills. Some stiff fighting has gone on in the Jarama Mountains guarding the Valencia road.

From the little village of Fuentidueno de Tajo sixty men had gone to the front, and twenty more were drilling in the field used for threshing grain. Not many miles away several great mansions whose owners fled in July, 1936, are now convalescent-homes for wounded soldiers.

Life in the villages has changed since the departure of the rich men. Fuentidueno de Tajo had about ten well-to-do men who abandoned a fine crop of grapes. The people of the village sold the crop and paid 13,000 pesetas for an irrigation pump. Several years before they had formed an association that now came into active use. For a long time their mouths had watered for tomatoes, artichokes, peppers, and melons. As the money crop was grapes, every inch of land had been given over to commercial cultivation. There was a good amount of land capable of high production if irrigated, and into this area they now ran the new water system. By late April this year, tomato, pepper, and melon plants were already several inches high at Fuentidueno.

The state of the land in Spain reflects clearly the predicament that led to the present conflict. In some places the soil is hoarded to the last spoonful. In other sections great tracts have been allowed to lie idle at the disposal and whim of the great landowners. Seeds were made to grow, to bear, and to flourish in crypts in the rocks; hundreds of thousands of people grubbed away at the soil in one part of Spain in order that elsewhere vast acres might remain as playgrounds for a few gentry who might take it into their heads to come once a year to hunt wild boar.

When the republic made timid efforts at land reform it had no power to enforce great changes among the latifundists. In 1929 this class numbered around 9,000. In all Spain at that time about 1,023,600 were said to own land. Some 845,000 were estimated to gain less than a peseta a day from their holdings and had to resort to day labor for a living, about 160,000 lived precariously on their yield, and about 9,700 lived with comfort. The People's Front government of February, 1936, tackled the land problem with courage. Only a beginning had been made when the rebellion broke out. The impoverishment of the agricultural workers and small landowners was part of a national economy that had reduced Spain to the financial status of a colony. Peasant producers had no buying power. Crude olive oil went to Italy for refinement, enabling Italy to capture a world market. Wines were refined in France and resold to advantage. Valencia oranges were cheaper in England than in Madrid.

The soil itself eluded the people. Crazily administered, only about 10 per cent of all Spanish land is judged fertile, 45 per cent is moderately fertile, 35 per cent is termed infertile, and 10 per cent is nothing but rocks. The little owners were forever in debt to usurers, who finally gobbled up their plots and in turn became a new class of latifundists. In the town of Fuentidueno the men who ran away were not great latifundists, but they had been well to do and had controlled the valley. The little fellows worked for the big fellows, and their standard of living was pitifully low.

The town had houses in the village proper and caves in the nearby mountain-side. The village houses were chalky white, with rough tiled floors. The only running water was at the village spring. Kitchen sinks, sewerage systems, bathrooms, and toilets were unheard of. There was, however, electric lighting. By a curious paradox the same forces that had diverted the produce of the valley to the use of a few men had endowed the village with power. Just as a poor consumer may occasionally benefit in a price-slashing war between rival business groups, so did the people of the village find themselves with electricity. Even the caves in the mountain were wired.

The caves are dugouts with clean, whitewashed walls and big wooden doors studded with nails. From a distance the smokestacks of these dwellings mystify a stranger. The big, clay, cigar-shaped stacks protrude from what appears to be a smooth mountain-side. In the area outside the dwelling, composed of one outside and one dark inside room, plants grow in pots, chickens strut in and out, a goat is tethered to a chair near a crawling baby. The average family is between five and seven. Many children have sores that they attribute to "airplanes." The village had been bombed and an entire family buried in debris.

The entire day in this village is laborious as always, but since the workers are running things to suit themselves it goes better than formerly. Every workingman gets five pesetas a day; women get three-fifty and children two-fifty. Animals are owned individually, but with time new animals and machinery will be bought for the group. It is, as yet, a fumbling proposition born of need, but the productivity of the valley is estimated to be higher this year than ever before.

The women still wash at the common pool and cook over the most economical fire I have ever seen. A sack of chaff is spread on the bricked floor under the flue. A little bunch of twigs made from the clippings from pruned grape vines is applied and lighted. The chaff keeps the flame at a smoldering tempo, over which a tiny grid-

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dle is placed. The housewife crouches on the floor beside her cooking. The day I was there tiny potatoes were pared and wiped dry with a cloth, sliced fine into olive oil. When done, the surplus oil was poured into a pot. Two eggs were broken over the potatoes and the mixture flopped. With bread and wine, it made a meal.

The housewife was forever on the go. The wife of the *alcalde*, or mayor, had two goats with two kids, six unproductive hens, and a rooster. Her mother, who lived in one of the caves, had extra eggs that she counted out to her daughter carefully each day. The women all shopped with little black bags. The shopkeeper was a big, hearty fellow in a white apron who had a photograph of Ernst Thälmann on the wall. Rice, lentils, and grains were plentiful, but raisins came high. There was also a herd of brown goats and three cows belonging to the village. The men were busy putting in crops and cultivating others when I was there. They start out with mules and plows very early. Older men and the women do most of the field work.

The one church was tightly closed, and I did not see anywhere a sign of images or religious mementos. Sunday was very much like any other day, except that people dressed up in the afternoon and watched the new recruits drilling. For a town so near a front line, it was extraordinarily cheerful. Many of the young women wanted their pictures taken to send to their husbands at the front. The wife of the mayor got a present of a new pair of shoes from her husband. That was evidently an event. Everyone wears, for the most part, rope-soled sandals, but these were real leather shoes with heels. She took them all around in their box with tissue-paper wrappings, showing them with a kind of wonder. Miracles had no end; the townspeople went up to their irrigation project frequently to admire the new plants sprouting from what had been a desert.

In that part of Spain held by Franco the land reforms begun under the People's Front government a year ago in February have been completely undone. Big estates, uncultivated for years, were divided among the peasants, only to be returned to the great landowners since the rebellion. At Torrejon el Rubio in Carceres the Duke of Arion had a thousand hectares enclosed for wild game. Deer and boar often broke through to pillage the little plots of the neighboring villagers, who, 3,000 of them, were permanently unemployed. When the Popular Front came to power it was considered proper to make use of this great preserve for the people. Many such hopeful enterprises had only begun when the rebels returned the property to the former owners.

The workers in rebel territory have been thrown into prison. Their leaders have been shot or are awaiting execution. Among them is Antonio Palomo of Jaraicejo, who rose up and declared that this estate must no longer remain at the mercy of a single man. For this he will die at the hands of those who like to call themselves "the saviors of the culture of Spain." The great estates would be kept sacred by these "saviors" and, like idols of old, be watered with human blood. But the Spanish people have tasted freedom, and they have other plans for the future.

Behind the Scenes at Scottsboro

BY MORRIS SHAPIRO

ALABAMA justice has yielded to expediency in the Scottsboro case. No other explanation is possible for the farcical finale which left the state in the anomalous position of providing only 50 per cent protection for the "flower of Southern womanhood." Four of the nine Negroes originally arrested on March 25, 1931, for rape still are in prison—one under sentence of death, two for seventy-five years, and one, for some reason inscrutable to all save the members of the jury which convicted him, for ninety-nine years. Four others, with no less evidence against them, have been freed by the state, while the ninth, as though to make things exactly even, was spared a trial on the charge of raping Victoria Price and allowed to plead guilty to assault on a deputy. For that he got a twenty-year sentence in prison, Judge W. W. Callahan explaining that if the rape charge had not been dropped, he would have let him off with fifteen years on the assault charge.

Thus did a self-serving prosecution seek to appease both local and foreign opinion—meaning all opinion outside the borders of Alabama—not that justice might at last be done, but that a case which has become a stench in the nostrils of the more literate minority of Alabamans might be brought to an end. Whether even that objective will be achieved remains to be seen.

The release of four of the defendants, Roy Wright, Olin Montgomery, Eugene Williams, and Willie Roberson, was in no sense the result of a trade or compromise. The state decided what it would do, and informed the defense. The prosecution was tired of prosecuting. It wanted assurances, which it did not get, that there would be no more appeals and no more retrials. However, Alabama still holds as hostages five of the nine originally accused—and their sympathizers and lawyers.

It was no accident that Clarence Norris, the first Negro to be tried since Haywood Patterson was convicted and sentenced to seventy-five years' imprisonment, drew a death sentence from the hands of the jury which tried him. What better warning could have been delivered to a defense which previously had announced its intention of appealing Patterson's conviction to the highest court in the land? With Norris under sentence of death, the state, anxious to forestall further appeals in the cases that twice have been sent back for retrial by the United States Supreme Court, could afford a generous gesture. It came in the form of a waiver of the death

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penalty in the trials of Andy Wright and Charlie Weems. In exchange, Samuel Leibowitz waived his right to a special venire of sixty-five required by law in capital cases, and agreed to take his chances on the regular panel of thirty-five. "It was like being asked to swap a turkey for a horse," he said at the time.

One week before the trials ended, the state, represented by Thomas S. Lawson, Assistant Attorney-General, and Melvin C. Hutson, the local Circuit Solicitor, had determined on their course and had their minds made up to drop the indictments against four of the Negroes who were identified with the same degree of positiveness as all the others by Victoria Price, the lone complaining witness remaining since Ruby Bates recanted her charges.

Yet in subsequent trials Mr. Lawson and Mr. Hutson prosecuted Wright and Weems as relentlessly as ever. The mellifluous Melvin, clothed in righteousness and a wrinkled seersucker suit, dwelt at length, in his summation, on racial peculiarities which, he said, made it impossible for any Southern white man to believe that a dozen Negroes "flushed with their victory in a fight with white men" could have resisted the temptation offered by two freight-hopping white girls decked out in overalls.

The measure of their hyprocrisy lies in the comment one of them made in the interval between the time when the jury in the Weems case retired and the time when it rendered its verdict, which was the signal for the wholesale quashing of indictments against the remaining defendants. Victoria Price, repeating her testimony for the eleventh time before a jury, had become hopelessly entangled in her own contradictions. She had squirmed and wriggled for two hours on the stand, even disputing the stenographic record of her testimony at other trials. So palpably was she lying about some points of her story that Mr. Leibowitz, with the jury excused, asked Judge W. W. Callahan to dismiss the indictment against Weems. At the end of that trial a member of the prosecution staff remarked that he was glad he never would have to offer her testimony in another trial. "She was the sorriest witness I ever saw in a courtroom," admitted the harassed lawyer.

That probably is as near as anyone will ever come to getting an honest explanation from any Alabama official regarding the reason for the seemingly irrational outcome of six and a half years of litigation over the lives of the Negroes placed in jeopardy by a white woman's charge of rape. To those who have been closely associated with the case from the start, it is apparent, however, that while juries are as willing as ever to convict the Negroes on her story, the repeated defense assaults upon her often-repeated story have succeeded in shaking the faith of lawyers for the state in the veracity of the woman on whose honesty the whole case stands or falls. After six and a half years the high-pitched, screechy voice of Victoria Price has begun to sound a little hollow and tinny to "Buster" Lawson, whose eyes are on the attorney-generalship of Alabama. If it weren't for that latter fact nine Negroes instead of four might be free today. As long ago as last December the state made a tacit admission of this fact when the late Lieutenant-Governor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., the special prosecutor in earlier trials, came to New York with Attorney-General A. A. Carmichael on their own initiative and of their own volition to propose a face-saving formula to Mr. Leibowitz.

At a meeting in the New Yorker Hotel Mr. Leibowitz and Mr. Carmichael agreed that Patterson's seventy-five-year sentence should be commuted to five years, that four of the Negroes should get off with five-year sentences if they would plead to charges of simple assault, and that the remaining four—the same ones who now have been given their freedom—should go scot-free. Later there was another meeting in the Congressional Library in Washington, after which Mr. Carmichael said it wouldn't take him "more than five minutes to iron out the remaining differences" between himself and Mr. Leibowitz.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Lawson to report the negotiations to Judge Callahan, who ever since he entered the cases has been the ablest member of the prosecution staff. Mr. Lawson visited Judge Callahan at Decatur and was angrily informed that the court never would "agree to accept fifty-dollar fines for rape," which was his method of characterizing the agreement between prosecution and defense.

This apparently was enough for Mr. Carmichael, who without further ado betook himself to North Carolina, while Judge Callahan placed the trials of the Scottsboro Negroes on his calendar for July. The Attorney-General, who by reason of his office is known in Alabama as "General" Carmichael, did not return within the borders of his state until the trials ended, and he remained out of reach of influential members of the bar, editors of powerful Alabama newspapers, and others who sought to make him abide by his agreement, leaving it to Mr. Lawson, a candidate for the attorney-generalship in the next election, to take the rap for him.

His absence at this crucial time prompted a friend of Mr. Lawson's to tell a story about a Negro in the World War. A colored private, ordered over the top with his company, advanced for some distance over no-man's land, when, with machine-gun bullets whistling past his ears, he turned and ran back toward his own goal posts. In the haste of his retreat, he ran over his own trenches, back past the reserve lines, and finally burst out through a thicket miles behind the lines. There he stumbled, panting, upon the figure of a man with stars on his shoulder straps sitting astride a horse.

"Halt!" shouted the horseman.

"Who is you?" asked the Negro soldier.

"I'm the General," replied the officer on the horse.

"Lordy me," gasped the colored soldier. "I didn't know I'd come that far back."

The story-teller added: "They call Mr. Carmichael 'General' here. It's a sort of courtesy title, you know."

Appeals from all the convictions in Decatur have been filed. In each case the basis was laid for a final appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WORD has just come from the Civil Liberties Union that the La Follette subcommittee on violations of civil liberties is in danger of ceasing its investigations and must do so if it does not receive another appropriation before the impending adjournment of Congress. It has done its magnificent work on a budget of only $55,000 and now asks a modest $50,000 to carry on. If I had my way it would get $500,000 tomorrow. The decision rests with the Senate Committee on Audit and Control, headed by Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, and if any of the readers of this page wish to serve the cause they should write to Senator Byrnes at once and urge that the La Follette subcommittee get the money it needs. The American Civil Liberties Union only states the truth when it declares that to the credit of these Senators lies "the most significant job ever done in exposing the violations of civil liberties in industrial disputes." To me that is inadequate praise. Bob La Follette has earned a distinguished-service medal if anyone ever did. He and his associate, Senator Thomas of Utah, have grimly stuck to their exhausting task with a determination that has compelled the admiration of all who have followed it.

If they had done nothing else than force the showing of the film which revealed the murderous attack of the Chicago police upon the strikers at the Republic Steel plant, the money they have so far expended would have been justified. Think what that series of pictures of base police brutality, worthy of Hitler's choicest Brown Shirts, accomplished right here in New York. It made the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* actually for once deprecate official police lawlessness instead of minimizing it or ignoring it altogether. It actually led Police Commissioner Valentine to show the film in slow motion to all his chief officers who might have to handle strikes, not once but two or three times, in order that they might learn what not to do in dealing with labor troubles. True, that was followed by direct charges of police brutality during the shipping strike in Brooklyn, but still the films should help. Now, as I have so often written before, the sort of official murdering which Paul Anderson described in last week's *Nation* has been going on all over this country for years, and yet those of us who have cried out against it either have had no support or have drawn opposition from the highly respectable and from the conservative press. They have invariably said that the police are always right and that it is necessary for them to shoot or to club hard and "show no weakness" in order that disorder may be stopped at the beginning.

Well, if I were dictator of this country I would make the preliminary report of the La Follette subcommittee compulsory reading by every member of every chamber of commerce and university club in this country—and throw in the Republican clubs, the fashionable women's clubs, and all the Union Leagues for good measure. I should especially make them read the story of what has happened in Harlan County, Kentucky, with its utter denial of every fundamental right guaranteed by the Constitution, the shocking story of murder, torture, abuse, horrible cruelty, and outright dictatorship over workingmen and all who dare to stand up for their rights—all this *by the constituted authorities*, notably the sheriff of the county, always the miserable, sycophantic servant of the industrial bosses. I would especially have Herbert Hoover, wearing his well-earned dunce's cap, sit upon a stool in a corner and read aloud first some of his own statements about the blessedness of the American standard of living and the "American system" and then follow it up by reading the facts about the deputy-sheriffs of Sheriff Middleton of Harlan County—men indicted for every crime, from murder to mayhem.

But it isn't only in Chicago or Harlan that these things have happened. For months Senator La Follette, the committee's counsel, John J. Abt, and his secretary, Robert Wohlforth, have ranged the country, turning up *agents provocateurs,* phony detective agencies, strike-breaking thugs used by most of the leading industrial companies. One reason I should like to make their findings compulsory reading is that it would put a stop to the talk that this wrongdoing on the part of industry is merely to be attributed to a few black sheep—"there will always be a few crooks in every walk of life." I defy anybody who has read the La Follette record and has followed the happenings in this country to say that these offenders are few and far between. Then I want to prescribe some of these reports for the men and women I meet who solemnly assure me that all the violence in our labor troubles is on the side of labor; who insist that the President has abdicated and has put John Lewis in his place; that we are really being ruled by a ruthless labor dictator.

A year or so ago some ignorant writer on the staff of the Waterbury *Republican* solemnly rebuked me for writing on this page that Franklin Roosevelt's worst failure was his refusal to say one word about the wholesale violations of civil liberties going on everywhere. That editor declared that my article proved what an utterly unbalanced man I am. Well, I wonder if that writer—he or another has just praised me for saying labor must not stoop to the level of the employers and use force in labor disputes—could be got to read Paul Anderson's article and this testimony before Bob La Follette. If he did, I bet he would hit the President's silence harder than I did; perhaps even accuse me of understatement.

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BROUN'S PAGE

God and the Liberals

SENATOR Hiram Johnson cried out, "Glory be to God," when the Court bill died. Oswald Garrison Villard uttered a long "Amen." Burton K. Wheeler urged an adjournment upon the President lest he seem to be "defying God." And only a day or two ago Cotton Ed Smith praised the Creator for having lavished such bounty upon the South that the wages of textile workers were a matter of no consequence even to the workers themselves.

It is true that recent events have brought many men and columnists of varying caliber together in the drive against the New Deal. But I am wondering whether the unifying force has been that God upon whom these gentlemen call so piously. In his famous Liberty League speech Al Smith said in effect that God was committed to a nine-man Supreme Court and to a strict construction of the Constitution. Since that time Mr. Justice Roberts and even Chief Justice Hughes have written opinions displeasing to Mr. Smith. God, as far as I know, has not yet been heard from. When the still small voice runs through the ranks of men I doubt whether the message will be that the rights of property must always come first among the children of Adam.

But there I go like all my colleagues seeking to interpret the infinite and out of my puny wisdom express an opinion as to whether God is a liberal like Amos Pinchot. These delusions of grandeur tend to prey upon newspaper writers. Only the other day Dorothy Thompson, who has just been nominated for the presidency in London, urged the American Congress not to pass a wage-and-hour bill just now because she herself had been unable to make up her mind as to the precise form the measure should take.

"This column is itself written under far too great pressure," said poor Miss Thompson. "The public has no time to think things through." The voice of the public is the voice of God, and Dorothy Thompson is its prophet.

Now that the court issue has been laid in lavender, another point arises upon which an attempt is being made to combine God and some very curious liberals. I refer to the third-term-for-Roosevelt issue. The President has had less than a year since the last election, and yet he is being called upon to make ringing public declaration that under no circumstances will he run again. It is true that in a radio talk of many weeks ago he did indicate his decision to retire. But in any case I am under the impression that the fight to prevent a third term for Roosevelt is actually a struggle to keep him from having a second term. The threat of impeachment, to be sure, is still rather a far-fetched possibility, although the matter has been mentioned and editorially advocated in one or two Southern papers. But what I have in mind is the very plausible theory that reactionaries by roaring "third term" now hope to block any progressive program for the next three years and indeed undo the better legislation of Roosevelt's first term.

Perhaps I am being unfair to the reactionaries, at least those who sail admittedly under the black flag. They have, for the most part, held their fire. The work of destruction has been carried on largely not by pirates but by privateers. It is always easy to get a liberal to outfit an expedition to do the cruising which brings comfort to somebody safely taking his ease back home in a counting-room.

And of course the third-term holler is a device not only to wreck the Roosevelt administration now but also to make it certain that no man of New Deal faith shall by any chance receive the Democratic nomination in 1940. It is well to remember that the issue has been raised almost entirely by the political opponents of the President. It is true that Earle of Pennsylvania did publicly renounce the crown for himself and come out for Mr. Roosevelt to run again in 1940. But the utterances of Earle are not important, and there is no reason to believe that this statement was in any way inspired by the White House. Probably it was a mere spreading of oil by the Pennsylvania Governor. Mr. Earle has by no means quit his aspirations for 1940. On the contrary, it seems quite likely that by a crude piece of gallantry he hoped to solidify his position as the heir-apparent.

It has been said that Franklin Delano Roosevelt should make some very positive pledge not to run again. I do not see how any person can bind himself completely as to his course of conduct three years hence. Calvin Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" was accepted at the time as positive, and yet there are many political observers who now believe that Calvin was only flirting and that in his heart there lived an intense desire to be drafted. Far from laying the issue, any further statements by Mr. Roosevelt would tend to emphasize and underline it. Moreover there is nothing he could say which would satisfy his enemies. The dupes and the dupers would, at every mention of the subject, become increasingly outraged.

And speaking of the dupers and not the dupes, I might add that here and there certain American journalists are making good the title which Upton Sinclair bestowed upon our press. There are writing men who have definitely enlisted in a craft more ancient than that of journalism. And of course they have accepted certain obligations. Even so, their best friends should warn them not to be quite so precipitate lest they break a limb. It is not necessary for them to scramble quite so fast when the call comes, "There's company in the parlor."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

"Part of a Poem, Part of a Play"

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

MISS Millay seems to be trying to do two incompatible things in this book. One is to present the opinions, tastes, and prejudices of the male animal, after the fashions of 1937. The other is to show the predicament of the human animal in society and in the universe at an uncommonly perplexing phase of that animal's history. If she had stuck to the first, she would have written a clever little comedy of manners; if she had succeeded with the second, she would have written a philosophical poem of some magnitude. As it is, she could not quite make up her mind to do either the play or the poem, and compromised on a dialogue that has the full virtues of neither and faults of its own. The parts are interesting, but they counteract each other and work toward no unified effect.

The conversation, which takes place after an intimate stag dinner, lasts well beyond midnight. Its incoherence is, according to the author's foreword, designed. On bird-dogs, edible mushrooms, and race-horses, the discussion is technical; on religion and music, choice but desultory; on war and the dangers of flying, trite; on women—for Miss Millay delights in pulling the masculine leg—it is naive. True to type, it settles down solidly during the latter part of the evening to the topic of the revolution, without getting anywhere in particular. Only the tact of the excessively exquisite host keeps it from ending in a show of fangs between the broker and the communist poet.

Merton, the spokesman for Wall Street, inveighs against regimentation, and fears that the children of the proletariat will damage the Gobelins. Carl, the communist, now with scientific assurance invokes the inevitable, now flames with moral indignation. Merton, he says, is already regimented, and his culture is a fake:

> A thing might be beautiful as a dandelion-blossom—that won't do:
> If it's *common* as a dandelion-blossom, right away you're through.

The two liberals are weary and rather bewildered, both by Carl's manners and by the state of the world: Ricardo, the dilettante, wants to preserve a few beautiful things and wouldn't mind if the human race were extinguished; while John, an honest and groping soul, declares that the liberals are the leaven of society, "the angelic spies in the loud councils of the confident lost." Father Anselmo states his church's position precisely, plays Bach, and leaves early. Low comedy is supplied by Pygmalion, the natural man and successful popular writer, who gets drunkenly profane over the whole business. The young advertising man, Lucas, hates his job and talks about his girl.

The style ranges from cadenced prose, through *New Yorker* doggerel, proletarian ode, and Shakespearean fulmination, to halting sonnets. There is a reason, if hardly an excuse, for this medley. Miss Millay has now joined the ranks of those poets who are trying to mirror, or to reshape, the great world, and are seeking a medium of greater scope than the lyric, with its distillation of the personal emotion into a dainty bottle. They have no catch-all at hand which will serve them as the hexameter served the ancients, or *terza rima* Dante, or blank verse the Elizabethans, and in spite of some promising efforts they have not yet devised a new one. Miss Millay's solution is to throw everything in, higgledy-piggledy. The achieved fragments stand out from the rest like the rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

Part of Miss Millay's confusion, indeed, springs from a lack of order in her beliefs as well as from difficulties with technique, for it is hard at times to tell when she is writing parody and when she is in earnest. Her recent poems reflect a concern with the common human lot, and sober meditation upon it. For a writer whose gifts are naturally lyrical, it is not easy to think things through and at the same time to retain the grace of touch. Miss Millay is one of the few poets of her generation who have continued to grow, but her intellectual and moral insights are far from having reached an equilibrium, and even so her mastery of her craft has not kept pace with them. There are lines here which attain momentary power beyond anything to be found in her early verse:

> Why come you hither in hordes, your faces wild and exalted?
> What are these altars doing here in the Forum, and the reek of the warm, unsalted
> Sacrifice—the earth about the altars steaming and puddled?

But she is unable to sustain this intensity of vision for long. Despite a sprinkling of such passages, the interest in the present work is more in opinions than in things seen or imagined, and rather more in personalities than in opinions. One is conscious that these are men talking, talking wittily, sometimes passionately; rarely is one convinced that there is a real and very messy world that they are talking about.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Sojourn in Sodom

MEA CULPA. By Louis Ferdinand Céline. Translated from the French, with an introduction, by Robert Allerton Parker. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

CELINE approaches the Soviet Union from the point of view of original sin, and, given his incendiary talents, the result is something of an intellectual side-show. Not that he makes any claims to heavenly guidance or takes the psalm-book for his social program; yet essentially his vision of man, regardless of the racy and ribald expression he gives it, is no more than a crude secular version of the orthodox clerical conception of human nature. It is the old tribal gods that speak here, though the voice is vibrant with the raucous accent of the streets, the language impetuous, and the posture convulsive.

Mea Culpa, the title essay of the volume, is ostensibly a record of his Russian visit, but actually it contains no factual reporting or empiric observations of Soviet life. Apparently Céline regards himself as such a deep seer that he expects us to accept his intuitions at face value, even on a subject so complex and tortuously controversial; and his apocalyptic manner only tends to strengthen our suspicions. His impressions of the country lack detail and tangibility, being for the most part merely a springboard for a frantic assault on socialism in all its aspects, whether as a theoretical system or a

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practice of the class struggle anywhere and at any time. Unlike Gide, whose comments on the ugly sides of the Soviet situation were inspired by his belief in socialism and disappointment in the particular application of it made by the present Soviet leaders, Céline takes the failures he has noted in common with other observers to be the ultimate proof of the absurdity and viciousness of the Marxist plan for the reconstruction of society. Where Gide sees the Revolution as a living process in which contradictions operate, Céline can see only a monstrous deception of the people by unscrupulous politicians who flattered them into believing that the tyrant is not in themselves—in the depraved and hellish nature of man—but in such "external" forces as social exploitation. It is these flatterers, as for example Marx and Lenin, that are the opium of the people. Lamenting the iniquities of progress and the futility of the machine, he finally impales politics as the force which "during the last three centuries has corrupted Man more than during the whole of pre-History." All talk of economics riles him, and he sticks his knife into the father of the materialist heresy: "Look at the mug of fat Marx, his belly full!" Now and then we come across some vague reference to the "inner revolution," which is contraposed to the "outer revolution" inherent in the political approach. But this bow to the church fathers is merely made in passing, as an afterthought. This writer's literary investments in despair are much too heavy to permit him any perspectives of change, no matter how dim and ideal.

The second essay in the book is a biographical work on Semmelweis, a Hungarian physician who was a martyr to medical science, and was written as Céline's doctorate thesis. It is by far the more integrated of the two essays, for it was composed in the fever heat of a personal identification and succeeds in creating the image of a man driven by fate and his inner need. Reading it after Mea Culpa, one wishes that in writing about socialism Céline had to some degree been moved by that passion for scientific method which he so much admires in his hero, Semmelweis. We might have been spared, then, the musty abstractions about human nature. His diabolic portrait of man is as unreal as the angelic one he so gratuitously attributes to Marx. And that literary demonism of his, which makes his novels into a kind of tabloid edition of Baudelaire, seems here to have been laid out in a spiritual heat-prostration so melodramatic as to suggest a piece of clever showmanship.

PHILIP RAHV

Prologue to Revolution

THE FIRST RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1825, THE DECEMBRIST MOVEMENT, ITS ORIGINS, DEVELOPMENT AND SIGNIFICANCE. By Anatole G. Mazour. University of California Press. $4.

ON December 14 (O.S.), 1825, a battalion of the Moscow regiment of the Guards stationed in St. Petersburg was incited by its officers to refuse the oath of allegiance to the new emperor, Nicholas I. The men were marched to the Senate Square and were joined there by a detachment of grenadiers and a company of marines. According to the plans, the leaders of the rebellion were first to force the Senate to issue a liberal manifesto abolishing the old regime and appointing a provisional government, and then to seize the Winter Palace and arrest the imperial family. However, no attempt was made to carry out these measures. When the insurgents appeared on the square, they found the Senate building empty. The Senators had held an early session, sworn allegiance to Nicholas I, and gone home; Prince Trubetzkoy, chosen to head the rebellion, failed to appear on the scene at all. By noon the rebels had mustered three thousand bayonets and were standing idly in the biting wind. The governor-general of the capital and an officer who tried to persuade the men to return to their homes were shot. Finally, toward evening, Nicholas decided to act. Artillery was trained on the square; a few volleys of shrapnel put the insurgents to flight and left many dead and wounded on the cobbles. A few hours later several of the conspirators were apprehended and brought to the Emperor for examination.

The so-called Decembrist insurrection was over. Yet the pathetic affair on the Senate Square was to have its counterpart in the south. On December 30 a lieutenant colonel placed himself at the head of a part of his regiment and raised the banner of revolt. He seized a small town near Kiev and inaugurated the new era with a religious service, in the course of which Christ was declared to be the only czar on earth. Then the little band of insurgents left the town, and for four days wandered from village to village in search of reinforcements, committing one strategic blunder after another, until they were routed by a detachment of loyal cavalry and artillery. Two of the officers committed suicide, the others were seized and sent to St. Petersburg in irons.

Such was "the first Russian revolution," of which the book under review is a history. It is, on the whole, a conscientious if pedestrian work by a liberal-minded scholar with a somewhat solecistic style. Its chief merit is that it utilizes much fresh source material, particularly the voluminous records of the trial of the conspirators, which were only published within the last few years. The substance of the volume is, of course, the story of the secret societies and of the feeble revolt in which their activities culminated. Dr. Mazour sees that the revolt failed because, for one thing, the leaders wanted "a government for the people but not by the people." He recognizes, too, the significance of this abortive effort as the first skirmish in a long-drawn-out battle, the beginning of a revolutionary tradition.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Religion in Wood

SHAKER FURNITURE. THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF AN AMERICAN COMMUNAL SECT. By Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews. Photographs by William F. Winter. Yale University Press. $10.

MR. and Mrs. Andrews know all there is to know about Shaker furniture. They know it as pieces of wood sawed, planed, and dove-tailed into useful shapes, and they can speak with authority about tongue-and-groove cleats, the lipped drawer, and the diameters of finials. But they know it also in its origin, which is the Shaker way of life, and they can speak with equal authority about a sect one of whose proverbs was the remarkable sentence: "Every force evolves a form." With the strict and loving care of scholars they have presented in this volume the forms of Shaker furniture; and with an even finer care they have expressed the forces behind the forms. They understand that carpentry was merely one of many rituals with which a certain American culture of the last century maintained for a while its purity. Only for a while, as is usual with such things; there were a thousand members of the United Society in 1800, there were six thousand on the eve of the Civil War, in 1900 there were

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but a single thousand again, and now there are almost none. But while this thing lasted it was pure and very strong, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrews come as near as anyone may come to knowing why. If they have chosen to write about the ritual of the woodshop it is because that ritual has left the most tangible traces in our day; though there are, of course, the wonderful houses and barns still standing at New Lebanon, Hancock, Canterbury, and so on; and there is an extensive literature of diaries and songs to be explored. Yet the rest of the rituals are in their minds as they write, for their final interest is the whole of Shaker life.

On more than one page they refer to the quality of that life. In an old Shaker room, they say, "the sense is strong of being above and beyond the familiar, the world as we know it, in an atmosphere purified, as it were, from the non-essentials of living—an intangible feeling, difficult to describe." But they have described it; or if it cannot be described they have recalled it to anyone who has stood in such a room and been disturbed by the certainty that those who once inhabited it were sure of every thought they had. Mr. Homer Eaton Keyes, who contributes a preface to the volume, says that "to enter a Shaker room today is to be profoundly conscious of this mystical emanation, at once so soothing and so strangely agitating." Mystical or not, there it is. And there it was in 1877, when A. B. Harris wrote for the *Granite Monthly:* "They, the Shakers, are there to stay. And that fact accounts for a great deal. It is partial explanation of the contentment on the faces of the Shaker sisters. It is a reason for the repose and settledness which pervade a Shaker village—that indefinable something, so altogether unlike the life of ordinary villages, and which you feel in the air, and are conscious of by some instinct, as men claim to be aware of the presence of spirits. . . . There is no restlessness, or fret of business, or anxiety about anything; it is as if the work was done, and it was one eternal afternoon." The Shakers have not, in fact, stayed. And much of their furniture has gone with them, through "fire and auction and neglect." But they expected to stay, just as they expected that there would always be thousands of Shakers to work incessantly and serenely at the making of objects which said as only wood can say it: "There is great beauty in harmony."

The three main points of the creed were purity, community, and separation. The Shakers, that is to say, were celibates; they lived as much like one another as possible; and they kept as free as they could of the world at large. It is not the creed as such, however, that explains them or their furniture. It is rather the happiness with which they held it, the light-heartedness with which they enslaved themselves to the various rituals it demanded, and also the circumstance that the first thousand of them at the end of the eighteenth century were poor people of New York and New England—"farmers, mechanics, and small tradesmen"—whose notions of chairs and tables were both ancient and basic. They brought with them in their minds the barest patterns, the purest beginnings of design; and then something converted them into artists with an exalted lyric gift for the plane surface, the straight line. What that something was even Mr. and Mrs. Andrews do not claim perfectly to know. Some of the Shakers were reported as believing in assistance from the angels. Whatever the source, the result is some of the most beautiful furniture in the world, as any of Mr. Winter's forty-eight plates will instantly prove, and as the analytical notes by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will prove in the slower though no less powerful way of words.

MARK VAN DOREN

Wanted: A Supreme Court Primer

SELECTED SUPREME COURT DECISIONS. Edited by Myer Cohen, with an introduction by Alexander Meiklejohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE is a belief current among men who regard themselves as realists that what counts in government is power and power alone. This is a welcome reaction to the goo-goo school of civic virtue; but while we have needed some stiffening in our political thinking, we must beware of *rigor mortis.* We are in danger of yielding to the old utilitarian fallacy in a new form. The utilitarians felt that the object of government and the motives of men in it were ultimately reducible to pleasure and pain. We tend to feel today that government is reducible to what men can be taught to shout and how they can be taught to act. If, for example, they can be taught to cry, "Hurrah for the Supreme Court," or, "Down with the Supreme Court," it makes little difference whether these slogans are merely slogans or the outgrowth of experience. But that simply isn't true, just as "push-pin is as good as poetry" wasn't true. We are all learning about the judicial power now from experience: the Supreme Court justices are our best schoolmasters in the nature of judicial review, and they are never so revealing as when they reverse themselves under pressure. But experience does not carry its own lessons. It needs to be interpreted. Some day we shall have to tackle the judicial power with finality. When that day comes, knowledge must be there as well as slogans.

As his stint in this educative process, Mr. Cohen has compiled a casebook of Supreme Court decisions. It differs from other compilations in three respects. It is frankly addressed to lay readers rather than to law-school or college students. Its framework is economic: it premises that there is an economic order as well as a set of political dogmas and traditions, and that the court functions in that order. Finally, it deals with the Supreme Court decisions as a civic literature. Mr. Cohen has studied and worked with Walton Hamilton and Alexander Meiklejohn and has caught from their contagion the knack for seeing literature as a form of public utterance and public utterances as literature. Mr. Meiklejohn, in his introduction, explains with persuasiveness that just as Plato distils the Greek commonwealth and Henry Adams nineteenth-century American society, the Supreme Court decisions distil the nature of the American state.

It is a fruitful lead, worth elaboration. Mr. Cohen has gathered together and arranged excerpts from the great decisions, and thus gives us the material with which to test the thesis. He has used this material in adult classes in the San Francisco School of Social Studies, and used it with success. For other teachers it may be worth saying that the court's decisions are on their face neither great literature nor great statecraft, but generally logic-chopping and mumbo-jumbo. More than any other literature, court decisions will not explain themselves but need the skilful glossator, whether in lecture hall, discussion room, or book. A compilation of this sort, moreover, suffers from the fact that no sooner is the print on it dry than the material is out of date. Thus Mr. Cohen did not wait long enough to get the De Jonge criminal-syndicalism decision, the minimum-wage reversal, or the Jones and Laughlin decision on the Wagner Act. A more serious flaw in the book is that, unlike so many recent writers who have glorified Taney *redivivus,* Mr. Cohen turns an astigmatic eye upon the Taney period in the court's his-

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tory. His book contains no federal decisions between *Barron* v. *Baltimore* (1833) and the Slaughter-house cases (1873). And yet these were forty years of intensely important economic development in the country and enormously interesting gyrations of judicial doctrine to mirror that development. Even the Dred Scott decision, in 1857, is being increasingly interpreted in economic terms.

But my chief quarrel with the book is its price. If the common man is to understand the contradictions of American culture through the Supreme Court decisions, they must be brought within his reach. Is there not a publisher who will risk a fifty-cent edition of the basic decisions in the history of the Supreme Court, with running notes and commentary that the ordinary man can understand? MAX LERNER

Four in Midsummer

EITHER IS LOVE. By Elisabeth Craigin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

PLACE IN THE CITY. By Howard Fast. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

EVE'S DOCTOR. By Signe Toksvig. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE ANOINTED. By Clyde Brion Davis. (Selection of the Discoverers.) Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IN a brief memoir, "Either is Love," Miss Craigin professes to contrast and reconcile the two loves of her unnamed "I"—one for the man she married in her late thirties, and the other for the girl, Rachel, for whom she has had a previous blind infatuation of which she feels obliged to tell her husband by letter. Unfortunately, in trying to convince us that both of these loves are possible for her heroine Miss Craigin makes two grave errors among several lesser ones. She insists too often and against all evidence that this Lesbian love was not Lesbian but a pure love heretofore unnoted by psychoanalysts; and she presents the account of the passion for Rachel in convincing narrative form, while that of the husband is given only in reminiscences, argumentation, and snatches of love letters after his death. Since no character or environment is evoked in the latter, the reader feels uncomfortably that Miss Craigin used the later marriage merely as a concession to squeamish moral tastes. The whole treatment is so limited to physical sensation that it is difficult to forecast what she might do in another vein.

Directly opposed is Howard Fast's "Place in the City," recalling any number of other novels offering a melodramatic cross-section of one alley in the city. It is a completely objective narrative of the Poet, the Moll, the Whore, the Preacher, and others, all of whom he knows by observation but none of whom he really understands. Mr. Fast, who is only twenty-three, has a certain pretentiousness in his asides and betrays his immaturity in many of his Causes and Reasons, but he tells his tale so swiftly and glibly that it doesn't make much difference whether the Causes fit or not. He writes easily, probably too easily, and you will find the novel enjoyable light reading if you hold your thought processes in abeyance and run with the words.

To those who recall Miss Toksvig's very capable biography, "Hans Christian Andersen," her recent novel is likely to prove bewildering. She has selected all of the most banal adjectives to describe the public and private life of a god, one Michael Murrough, a women's doctor in Dublin. Her theme had excellent possibilities: the clash between Catholicism and medical science, the adoring patients who insist on becoming lovers, and the interlarding of case histories, hospital routine, Caesarean sections, and the like; but she is not equal to the task. Her style is pedestrian; all her characters are smug bourgeois snobs and egomaniacs, although I am quite sure she didn't intend them to be.

Mr. Davis's "The Anointed" is another story. It is concerned with a young sailor, Harry Patterson, and his search for the Over Beyond across the Black Ocean, where even a captain gets scared and "throws his helm hard to port and races back to the harbor full steam ahead" to drown his inefficiency in a Hong Kong honky-tonk. In the book Harry never leaves the harbor either, but he knows he is going to, and prepares himself in a financial way by learning scientific crapshooting, in an intellectual way by observing the direction of an eddy over the drain in bathtubs both in North and South America and reading "Silas Marner," and in a spiritual way by pumping everybody from a Nova Scotia red to a Rio chippy who used to work for Madam Chamber in Kansas City and a Washed-in-the-Blood-of-the-Lamber on Mission Street in San Francisco.

Mr. Davis is adept in capturing lingo and shaping his characters quite unforgettably through a few bits of casual conversation. Occasionally he startles the reader with a sentence-long description of the sea and its inhabitants which is sharply beautiful. But above all, he sets a mood of perverse innocence and world-wise naivete, and maintains it consistently until the end, which is a difficult job. PAUL LOVE

Shorter Notices

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. By Jerome W. Ephraim. Simon and Schuster. $2.

This book is definitely not of the "Skin Deep" school. Mr. Ephraim names no names, and his primary concern is with the presentation of straightforward information about the care of health and looks, not with the debunking of advertised cure-alls and cosmetic preparations. For this reason the book is less exciting, and certainly it is less provocative than its predecessors, but guinea pigs who want facts, rather than scandal, will find them in "Take Care of Yourself." It is Mr. Ephraim's thesis that reforms in merchandising and advertising must come from the consuming public. In this way: When the public has achieved a sufficiently high level of intelligence so that it cannot be duped, fraud will become unprofitable and honesty be the best policy. Until this happy state is attained, consumers would do well to follow Mr. Ephraim's advice when stocking their medicine chests and beauty kits. Information about remedies that can be safely used and those that should be avoided is presented, along with understandable explanations of the causes of such disorders which trouble the human body as colds, dandruff, constipation, indigestion, athlete's foot, pyorrhea, insomnia, and even "hang-overs." Cosmetics and shaving preparations are amply discussed, and certain types of products are recommended and others condemned. In some instances it would have been helpful had Mr. Ephraim described products by their advertised names, but this is a minor complaint about a book which altogether is practical, sensible, and effective.

RUTH BRINDZE

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? By Otto Eisenschiml. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Eisenschiml has dug up from limbo a number of mysteries pertaining to Lincoln's assassination and its aftermath

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which historians have ignored in a curious manner. Why were the telegraph wires leading out of Washington tampered with, but not cut, immediately after the assassination? Why was Booth's name withheld from the public for three critical hours? Why was every avenue of escape for Booth blocked, save—as the record seems to show—the most likely one, which he took? Why was the pursuit handled in such a bungling manner? Why was Booth not brought back alive, to tell what he knew? Why was Lincoln's bodyguard at the playhouse, guilty of the grossest negligence, not only not punished but never even questioned? And deepest, darkest mystery of all, did any double-dealing federal official, hating Lincoln's reconstruction policy, know of Booth's plot in advance? These and a number of other neglected questions Mr. Eisenschiml has discussed, readably, in calm, judicial temper, and with a scholarship in this particular field of Lincoln history hitherto displayed by none. Yet in spite of all his diligence and skill, Mr. Eisenschiml is obliged to confess that he does not know just why Lincoln was murdered, nor can he definitely answer any of the questions above enumerated. He does, however, give a convincing answer to one big question which historians have apparently blundered in handling: to wit, why was the Civil War, from the Northern side, conducted in such a bungling manner? The truth seems to be that McClellan was a very able commander, the best the North produced, and that, as he claimed in his autobiography, Stanton and other radical leaders blocked his support by deliberate design. Mr. Eisenschiml thoroughly agrees with McClellan on this point, and in view of the astonishing evidence which he amasses I do not see how future historians can escape the same conclusion.

CHARLES LEE SNYDER

TRAVEL

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RECORDS

THE difference between Mozart at twenty-one and Mozart at thirty-one—which is the difference between Mozart young and Mozart old—is not the difference between immaturity and maturity. The Mozartian feeling and the form in which this feeling crystallizes are to be heard in miraculously matured perfection in the Piano Concerto K. 271 now recorded by Gieseking (Columbia: four records, $6), as in the Piano Concerto K. 488 recorded by Rubinstein. What happens with time is that they become richer, and that the melancholy, as it deepens, becomes all-pervasive. In the Concerto K. 271, then, we find a slow movement with the affecting poignancy of a slow movement of one of the later concertos; but in none of these do we find a first movement with the high spirits and wit of the first movement of K. 271.

By wit I mean, of course, wit that manifests itself through musical terms and operations and is therefore not expressible in words (though it resembles verbal wit in its economy of means) but is recognizable only by its effect—by the fact that it makes one laugh. I laughed at the entrance of the piano 1⅜ inches from the beginning of the first record of K. 271; the wit is what the orchestra is doing and what the piano does at that point—not only in the piano's trill itself, but in the precise point at which the trill occurs: as the orchestra repeats its little closing bow. And also in the quality of the trill as Gieseking plays it: one way to characterize his playing—so astounding in its physical and musical perfection—is to say that it brings to life every such detail of wit and expressiveness. Collaborating with him, and playing with excellent spirit, style, and finish, is the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Hans Rosbaud.

Beethoven's String Quintet, Opus 29 (Columbia: four records, $6), is an early work of a different sort—one of those in which one is astonished in every movement by the first manifestation of the originality and power that are to reach their full development later. The performance by the Lener String Quartet and William Primrose is very good, and well recorded.

On Columbia singles (each $1.50) are Beethoven's beautiful Piano Sonata, Opus 78, and the charming Overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," superbly played and recorded—the one by Egon Petri, the other by Beecham and the London Philharmonic. On another, Huberman impresses me with his magnificence of style in the arid Sarabande of Bach's Partita No. 1, and with the quality of his phrasing in Bach's wonderful Choral Prelude, "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland," in which, however, the recording permits occasional stridencies of tone to be obtrusive. And on two others, Meyrowitz's slow-paced performance of the "Siegfried-Idyll" with the Paris Philharmonic makes the work dull.

There remains the duet of Eva and Walther in Act 2 of "Die Meistersinger," ending with the exquisite passage, "Geliebter, spare den Zorn," sung by Germaine Martinelli and Georges Thill with an orchestra under Eugène Bigot. A record of German music sung by French singers with French words and with a French orchestra should, by all the theories, be bad; actually, with the French words for the most part as unrecognizable as the German would be, and with the French singers and orchestra singing and playing very much as Germans would—and singing and playing very well, even with Mlle. Martinelli's occasional shrillness—the record is quite good.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Goebbels's Guiding Hand

Dear Sirs: "Coordinated" newspapermen under the Nazi regime are never in doubt as to what is expected of them. Dr. Goebbels issues daily bulletins for editors, called *Merkblätter,* telling the boys what to print and what to omit. They are secret documents, and when the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* got hold of some of them and used them for a good story he was expelled from Germany. The German editor who furnished the bulletins was tried for treason and is now in prison.

Previously this method concerned only newspapermen working within the Third Reich. A sequel to this, however, is that Dr. Goebbels is now issuing special orders for traveling correspondents; that is, those who cover events abroad. Journalists visiting the Paris exhibition, for instance, are instructed to report immediately to the information office of the German Building on the fair grounds to receive their written orders.

A *Merkblatt* of this kind has reached this country. Anti-French in its tendency, it is only surprising that the French government tolerates such an abuse of its hospitality after a mutual agreement regarding the Third Reich's participation had been reached. The following extract of this timely document speaks for itself:

"From the French viewpoint, the exhibition is intended (a) to increase the glory and prestige of France all over the world, and to serve in this manner France's imperialistic policy; (b) to make propaganda for the governing Popular Front regime in France and for Marxism; (c) to stimulate France's tourist traffic and, as a result of an unexpected economic revival, insure the political success of the Blum government.

"The dangers arising out of Marxism and bolshevism must never be forgotten, neither with regard to general European interests nor with regard to France—even if the Popular Front, for obvious tactical reasons, should during the time of the exhibition show greater moderation and veil the present setbacks as much as possible.

"In describing the exhibition, as well as in general accounts of the country and the French capital, the old mistakes of unrestricted glorification must be avoided; such events must merely be regarded as a shining and illuminated façade.

"The exhibition in its vast variety affords good possibilities for comparison and justified reason for the superiority of German accomplishments in the arts and sciences. . . . Besides the German House and other German exhibits (which in each journalistic description must be placed in the foreground) the pavilions of related or befriended nations—in close proximity to the German House: Portugal, Poland, Austria, Italy, and others —are welcome subjects for the appreciation of cultural and extra-political connections. . . .

"The exhibition may offer certain opportunities to further Franco-German relations. It may be mentioned that there was close collaboration in its preparation. Future problems, such as a German-French rapprochement, must be solved through official foreign channels, not through private, even if well-intended, endeavor. Whoever in his reports on the exhibition touches the German-French relationships must never forget that unfortunately a large majority of the French people, contrary to the Germans, have been prejudiced. Progress can only be made by a dignified attitude and an honest treatment of this difficult problem, not by a one-sided approach. . . .

"Reporters who visit the fair must report at once after their arrival in Paris to Hans Wendt, Paris. Telephone: St. Germain-en-Laye 200."

J. MULLEN

Philadelphia, Pa., July 20

A Reasonable Request

Dear Sirs: I have recently sent the following telegram to Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, German Ambassador to the United States, in Washington:

Having observed the activities of the Friends of the New Germany in America for some time, I hereby apply for a special visa or permit to go to Germany for an unlimited period of time for the purpose of organizing branches of the Friends of Democracy among German citizens who are still friendly to liberty and the democratic way of life.

Included in this permit I should like also to have the privilege of marching the members of the Friends of Democracy through German streets and highways, carrying the Stars and Stripes and shouting the slogans of Jeffersonian democracy from the American Declaration of Independence and our Bill of Rights. I should like, moreover, to have it specifically stated in my visa that the Friends of Democracy may set up semi-military camps on German soil and carry on both secret and open propaganda against German Nazism.

On my desk I have stacks of Nazi propaganda received from Nazi individuals, various Nazi propaganda groups, such as Julius Streicher, the Fichte Bund, World Service, the League of Anti-Comintern Associations, the Judenkenner, and others. In return for the privilege thus extended to your Nazi propaganda groups I want you to extend to the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar patriotic American groups the right to send their propaganda in behalf of liberty and the democratic way of life to Germany and to circulate it there very freely.

Also I pray for the further right to arrange for special short-wave broadcasts to the Friends of Democracy in Germany from America at regular intervals.

L. M. BIRKHEAD

Kansas City, July 20

Imperialism in Palestine

Dear Sirs: On reading your editorial on the partition of Palestine I was struck by what you did not say. That the "extremist elements" among both Arabs and Jews should not command your sympathy is, I think, quite reasonable. But to express a measure of support to the "moderates" who are willing to take half a loaf rather than none, and at the same time to pass over completely the role of Britain, is a horse of another color.

In my humble opinion the White Paper reveals two very important facts: first, the fundamentally irreconcilable clash between general Zionism and the Jewish majority forces on the one hand and Arab nationalist movements on the other, which you discussed; and second, the fact, which was perfectly clear even to the New York *Times,* that Britain has been compelled to show her imperialist hand more clearly than ever. This you did not discuss.

Britain's interest in Palestine in relation to her empire is no secret to *Nation* readers. What is not so plain is her interest in preventing united resistance by the population. I believe the logical road

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for Palestine to be national independence for the Arabs, with minority rights for the Jews, with the Histadruth the main guarantee of the latter. Efforts in that direction are growing—with active support from minority groups in the Histadruth. (See the *Jewish Frontier,* July.)

The success of this movement spells a serious defeat for British imperialism. And the British Foreign Office knows it well. The proposed plan for partition is, from Britain's standpoint, good strategy. By the same token, those who call themselves progressive should oppose that plan for partition.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

Mount Vernon, N. Y., July 22

Help for Needy Authors

Dear Sirs: I wish to call attention to the Authors Club-Carnegie Fund for needy authors. The applicant must be eligible for membership in the Authors Club, which means that he must have had a book published by a standard publisher, of such literary standing that it would pass the qualifications of our membership committee. Help is given in the form of a donation or loan, whichever the applicant may prefer. The address of the Fund is 173 Riverside Drive, New York.

N. L. LEDERER, *Chairman*

New York, July 9

Lewis Henry Morgan

Dear Sirs: I am gathering material for a biography of Lewis Henry Morgan (1818-1881), the distinguished American anthropologist, and also of his protege, Adolphe F. Bandelier (1840-1914), and am very eager to secure letters written by them. Any letters lent to me for this purpose will be guarded carefully and returned with gratitude. I would be thankful, too, for any information pertaining to letters written by them. Material may be sent to me at the University of Michigan.

Both Morgan and Bandelier contributed to *The Nation* during the seventies and eighties.

LESLIE A. WHITE

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 22

Victory in Indiana

Dear Sirs: A telling blow in behalf of civil liberties has just been delivered by the Supreme Court of Indiana in the Butash case. Paul Butash, a solicitor of subscriptions for the *Literary Digest,* was arrested in the village of Angola, Indiana, in May, 1936, and indicted under the Indiana Criminal Syndicalism Law for saying that "the masses should overthrow the rich uncles of Wall Street by seizing their property, that all colleges belong to the student body, that all business belongs to the masses, and that all factories if not given up peaceably should be seized and operated by the masses." He was convicted by a jury and sentenced to the Indiana State Prison for five years, where he served eleven months before he was released on bail in the sum of $5,000, furnished by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Supreme Court found that the remarks of Butash were only the expression of his opinion on economic and political questions and a possible partial solution for them, or else a mere statement of existing facts; that the questions asked of Butash assumed that there was something wrong with our economic system of government; and finally that taking the evidence most strongly against him, no one could reasonably say that he had violated the provisions of the statute.

H. E. BAKER

Chicago, Ill., July 31

CONTRIBUTORS

BENJAMIN STOLBERG made a study of vigilantism during his recent trip to the steel and automobile centers of the Middle West.

JOSEPHINE HERBST, author of "The Executioner Waits," has recently returned from an extended visit in Spain.

MORRIS SHAPIRO, who is secretary of the Scottsboro Defense Committee, attended the recent trials in Decatur.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE regularly reviews poetry for *The Nation.*

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is the author of a life of Dostoievski and the editor of "The Works of Alexander Pushkin," recently published.

MARK VAN DOREN is film critic and a frequent reviewer of books for *The Nation.*

PAUL LOVE has been dance critic of the *World-Telegram* and has written on the dance for various other publications.

RUTH BRINDZE is the author of "How to Spend Money" and is active in the groups now seeking a new deal for the consumer.

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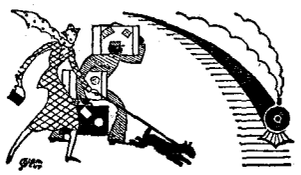

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